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# *The* SONG-A- LOGUE OF AMERICA

*Bentley Ball*







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MUSIC, poetry—and, for the matter of that, all art—is good or bad, not because it is unsophisticated or ingenious, simple or complex, but because it is, or is not, the true, sincere, ideal expression of human feeling and imagination. Genuine peasant songs, taking them in the mass, will always survive this test simply because they are the product of an intuitive, un-selfconscious effort to satisfy an insistent human demand for self-expression. And it is only of the very best and highest human achievements in the sphere of consciously conceived art that this, with like assurance, can be said. From introduction to *American-English Folk-Songs*, by Cecil J. Sharpe.



### CONCERNING FOLK-SONGS

In the first place they are the lays of the common people, which have been handed down from generation to generation. In them the great heart of humanity voices its joys and sorrows, its beliefs, hopes and aspirations.

Many of these songs are simple and artless in form, but they are true to human nature, and strike deep in the soul of man a responsive chord. Therefore it is they live and seem destined to live.

In the second place all nations have their characteristic songs and ballads. No one, for example, could fail to recognize a typical negro melody, for no other nation has produced music of this sort. These songs, therefore, are an index to race, thought, and character, and tend to reveal the aptitudes of a people.

Finally beneath this diversity and individuality in the songs of races, there is a fundamental sameness. All deal with the common experiences of life, and deal with these experiences much in the same way; love, war, the chase, fireside tales, the exploits of heroes, real or mythical is the burthen of them all, and in this underlying unity they witness to the moral and intellectual oneness of the great human family, and point to the Fatherhood of God and the universal brotherhood of man.

### CONCERNING ART SONGS,

or art music, which is the music written by the great composers of the world, we find that it is rooted in the folk-song as a tree is rooted in the soil. It is the expression of the individual artist as he reflects in his music the genius of a people. "A creative artist" says Henry F. Gilbert "is like a noble tree. However tall

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and great it may become, as its branches reach heavenward, it still has its roots in the soil below and draws its sustenance therefrom."

However elevated and universal the utterances of the creative artist may become, the roots of his being are deeply embedded in the consciousness of his race.

There are those who maintain that all great music strikes a universal note of understanding. This truth of course must be conceded, but we accept it only as a half truth, since the influence of nationalism is a factor not to be ignored in the production of true music. If you are in doubt as to this statement, hear the plaintive note of the Russian folk-song with all the melancholy of the Slav race in the works of Tchaikowsky, or examine the works of the Scandinavian composers and contrast them with the music of sunny Italy. It is a notable fact that in the northern countries where life is hard and rugged, the minor mode predominates, also that political and social conditions affect the music of a people as truly as do geographical conditions. So if you would know the history of a nation study its folk music. I look forward to a time when this fact will be recognized, by a greater number of educators, when folk music, typifying as it does the intimate life of the various peoples of the world, will be an introduction to the teaching of their history.

In America the art form of musical expression is in the making. Very little has been accomplished in utilizing the great storehouse of native folk-song and the moulding of it into a national expression.

The time may come when the gifted artist of this country will find his most fertile field in this land of opportunity. The seed has long been sown, but the flower is yet in its wild state, and all that it needs is the hand of the master cultivator.

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## THE COUNCIL FIRE OF THE IROQUOIS

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BENTLEY BALL, AS A SENECA CHIEF

IN THE great Iroquois forest of the Lake Placid Club grounds extended the entrance to the Indian and Avalanche passes, which for centuries guarded the "little Island of Iroquois, surrounded by a great sea of Algonquin enemies."

In this great natural amphitheatre each Autumn, in the Moon of Flaming Leaves, in serious recognition of one of the great facts in human history, is repeated one of the solemn ceremonies observed for centuries by our predecessors, who were indeed the "First Families," not only of the Adirondacks but of the continent. We thus recall the romantic and marvelous story of the world-famed Iroquois of New York, who long before Alexander Hamilton was born, worked out a confederacy such as the world has not seen and gave him a pattern for the United States Constitution.

They wrote no books, they built no monuments. Their greatness is all but forgotten, and like Ichabod, their glory has departed, but every year in the lighting of this Council fire of the Five Nations is perpetuated a ceremonial which in truth was the "original pattern" for the League of Nations.

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## A CEREMONIAL OF THE BLACKFOOT TRIBE



Chiefs of the Blackfoot Tribe “diked out” in their finest clothes, ready to enter the medicine lodge for the ceremony. These chiefs and most of their subjects spend much of their abundant leisure in ceremonies and in singing and dancing. In the village the merriment lasts from five o’clock in the afternoon until late at night. Singing seems to be the best outlet for their emotions.

Photo from Underwood & Underwood, N. Y. Copyright.

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## THE INDIAN

*Back through countless ages  
Have we roamed these mighty forests;  
Guarded woodland and prairie.  
Stood upon the lofty mountain  
Gazing Westward to the sunset.  
Courage ever was our watchword.  
Sang we to the Spirit ever,  
Sang we to the mighty Sungod,  
To the Raingod, to the desert,  
To the Thunder, to the Lightning,  
Rose our songs in mighty chorus.  
To Wakonda, O Great Spirit  
From a mighty race we send thee Prayers;  
O look upon our people.  
Like the Eagles eye transcend thee.  
As the last dull embers dying  
We the Red Men of the Forest  
Smoke the Peace-Pipe, pass it onward  
Ever onward down the ages.*

The American Indian—the mere mention of the name brings up visions of pine clad mountains, the sweet scent of balsam laden forests, clouds and sunshine and above all the bigness the grandeur of this great land—America. I would have you idealize the Indian in this romantic vein, and not in the war-like spirit that the early historian was wont to picture him.

The Indian has never been really understood, and we have but to turn to the songs and lore of his race to find the *real* truth. He has undoubtedly the best claim to the name “American” being indigenous, so early a

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colonizer as to constitute a native race. Here we have a unique analogy. America today is entirely populated by the races of Europe, is in fact European, and the Native Indian who was once the proud ruler of this vast domain, is now a foreigner.

The Indian, like all so called primitive peoples, had a wealth of song which he used to express himself, whether it be in a prayer to the Great Spirit or as an accompaniment to the humble occupation of grinding corn. The average musician has nothing pleasant to say of the Red Man's music—but oftentimes it requires the acute understanding of the "inner ear" to detect the beauty and meaning of these melodies that lie at our very door.

In a recent article published in the *Etude*, Arthur Nevin, distinguished American composer, pays this beautiful tribute to the music of the Red Man. "To have the real awakenings that Indian music is capable of producing one should live with, and take part in the everyday life of these interesting people. There should be experienced the hidden stratagem of the prairie and its lure of flowering growth, so brilliant in its colorings, its subtle perfumes which drift with the soft breeze and spread a fragrance of a delicacy which the memory will never cease to hold. There, where the winds keep secret the force of their magic spell, through which they grasp the song of a singer, and, rising, waft it with delight to the blue of the sky as distance lends to distance a passage for its echoing flight.

The song of a traveler, the chant of a "medicine man" or a hymn to the sun, goes hand in hand with surrounding charms that play over the vast expanse reaching out to touch the heavens at the horizon's meeting place. In that land, hear the songs of the Indian."

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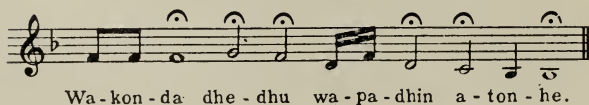
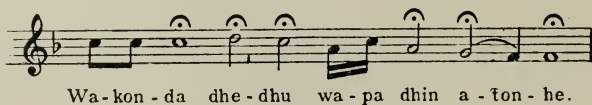
There is a weirdness, or shall we call it atmosphere about these songs of the Indian that produces a strange effect upon the ears of one who is accustomed to the sound of modern tonal art.

But who are we may I ask, that we should consider ourselves so highly "civilized" as to scorn the legends and art of a people who were the "interpreters" of nature? For, in their songs, the wind in the Pines, the clouds in the sky, the storm on the mountain, the rain in the desert, and above all the Great Spirit, unseen, tell their story.

Take, for example, the story of the Tribal Prayer of the Omahas as told by Alice Fletcher. The prayer was called in the Omaha tongue *Wa-kon-da-gi-kon*: *Wa-kon-da*, the power which could make or bring to pass; *gi-kon*, to weep from conscious insufficiency or the longing for something that could bring happiness or prosperity. The words of the prayer, *Wa-kon-da dhe dhu wappa 'dhina-aon-he*, literally rendered, are "Great Spirit, here needy he stands and I am he." This prayer is very old. Its supplicating cadences echoed through the forests of this land, long before our race touched its shores, voicing a cry recognized by every human heart.

## Omaha Tribal Prayer

Recorded by ALICE C. FLETCHER





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## THE STORY OF HIAWATHA'S DEPARTURE



THE DEPARTURE OF  
HIAWATHA

*Photo Courtesy Detroit Pub. Co.*

This remarkable song is descriptive of the departure of Hiawatha—the prophet. The Ojibways originally presented the Hiawatha drama at Descabarats, Ontario, in the open air on the shore of Lake Huron. Most of the action took place on a little island a few yards from shore. The final scene began with an address by Hiawatha to his people. He bade them farewell, prayed to the four winds, and stepped into his canoe. Raising his paddle in the air he said “Kabeyaynung” (Westward) and immediately the canoe started

in a westerly direction. As he traveled mysteriously across the lake to the setting sun the Indian actor sang this song, and his fellow actors on the island stage, after he had finished, repeated it in resonant unison. This was repeated again and again until Hiawatha was lost in the distance of the islands.

This was originally a traveler’s song and was always used as a parting song when the Indian, in his rude

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Mackinac boat, started on the long journey from Sault Saint Marie to the trading post—where the city of Detroit now stands.

Some years ago Frederick Burton went to Michigan to live among the Ojibways. He learned their language and their ways, and he has incorporated the result of his research in a highly interesting book called "American Primitive Music." One of these songs is here reprinted with the permission of the publishers, Moffett, Yard & Co.

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# Hiawatha's<sup>17</sup> Departure

## OJIBWAY SONG

Recorded by FREDERICK BURTON

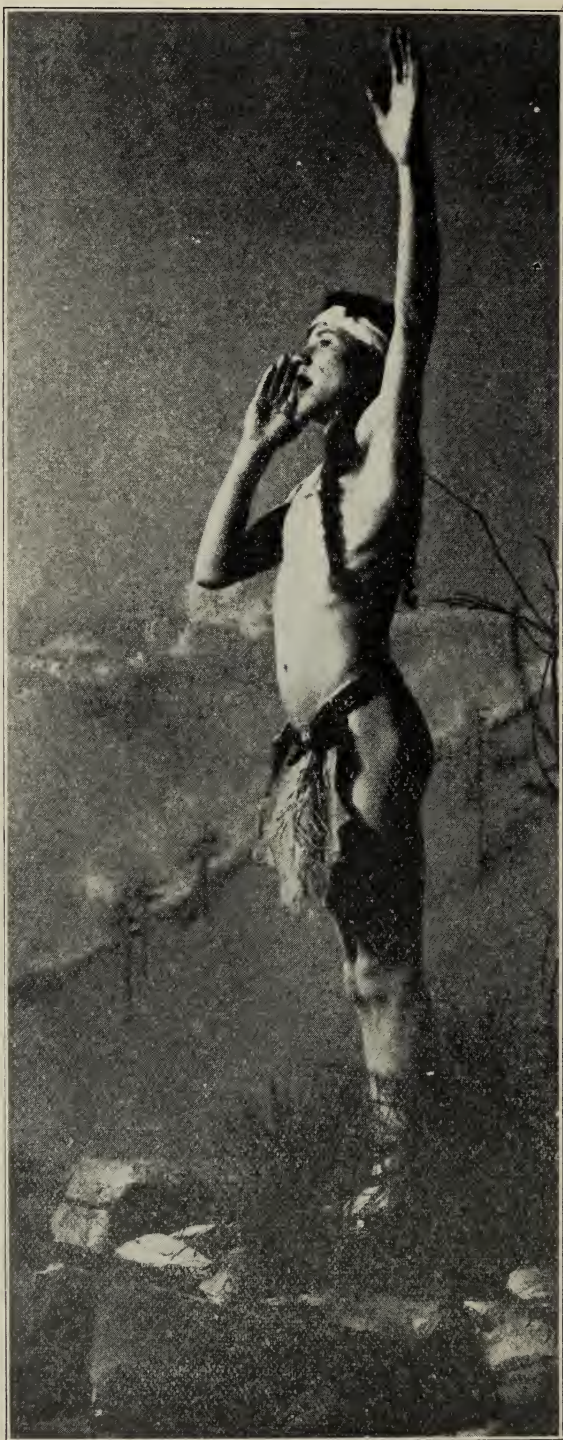
Mourn ye not o'er my de part - ure,

mourn ye not I go up - on a jour - ney. I Hi - a -

wa - tha soon will have de - part - ed. Mourn ye not my

jour - ney is e - ter - nal, I Hi - a - wa - tha soon will have gone for - ev - er.





THE INVOCATION TO THE SUN GOD—Zuni Indian.



# 26 Invocation To The Sun-God

The Invocation to the Sun-god and other starry gods is to ask their special protection over the child while asleep, as the mother thinks that then her earthly care has no power to protect. The Zuhis regard the Sun as the life-giver or the mother-of-life, and consider the moon and certain stars the celestial abode of all the good souls that have departed from the earth.

In this beautiful song, gesture and pose add greatly to its impressiveness and dramatic character, as the mother changes her position at every phrase (or every motive of two measures) attending the different gods which in turn she addresses.

The rise and fall in the intonation of her voice is very marked and, a slight retention in the rhythm of each phrase, if not in each measure, is perceptible, which renders the song still more profound and fascinating.

Transcribed and harmonized  
by CARLOS TROYER

*Largo con anima (With great emotion and fervor)*

*Grant! O Sun-god, thy pro - tec - tion, Guard this help-less*  
*Ma - hi vá - ha níe - ma ná - ha, Kó ya lú - ho*

*in fant sleep - ing Grant! O Sun - god, thy pro - tec - tion,*  
*ná - mi tú - ho Mú - hi vá - ha níe - ma ná - ha*

Ped. \* Ped. \* Ped. \*

Ped. \* Ped. \*



Guard this help-less in-fant sleep-ing Rest-ing peace-ful,  
 Kó - ya lú - ho ná - mi tú - ho Ayo tú - ho,

ritard *lunga pausa* *Con Spirito*  
 rest-ing peace-ful. Star-ry guard-ians  
 ayo tu - ho. Zee - ya ló - ha

*dolce calendo*  
 for-ev-er joy-ful, Faith-ful Moon-god for-ev-er watch-ful  
 ta-hi-ma no-ha, Noá-mi tu-ho ta-hi-ma lú-ho

*p sotto voce mf p*  
 Grant! O Sun-god thy pro-tec-tion Guard this help-less  
 Má-hi uá-ha nre-ma na-ha Kó - ya lú - ho,

Red. \* Red. \* Red. \* Red. \*  
 Red. \* Red. \* Red. \* Red. \*  
 Red. \* Red. \* Red. \* Red. \*



28 *appassionata*

*pp* in - fant sleep - ing Spir - it liv - ing Spir - it rest - ing  
 na - mi tu - ho Máya tié - ma Máya no - ma

*pp* *rit* - en - u - do *pp* *rallentando*  
 guard us, lead us, aid us, love us, Sun god fór - ev - er  
 maé - hey, si - hi, tay - ha, nie - ma Máya no - ma

*pp* *dolce* *pp* *p* *pp*  
 Spir - it liv - ing Spir - it rest - ing  
 Máya tié - ma Máya no - ma

*ppp* *molto ritardando* *ppp* *morendo*  
 guard us, lead us, aid us, love us, Sun - god for - ev - er.  
 maé - hey, si - hi, tay - ha, nie - ma Máya no - ma.

*ppp* *Red.* \* *Red.* \* *Red.* \* *Red.* \* *Red.* \*



## BOOKS ON INDIAN MUSIC

INDIAN GAMES AND DANCES, WITH NATIVE SONGS  
by *Alice C. Fletcher*.

(C. C. Birchard Co., Boston.)

INDIAN STORY AND SONG by *Alice C. Fletcher*.

(Small, Maynard & Co., Boston.)

HOPI SONGS by *B. I. Gilman*.

(Houghton-Mifflin & Co., Boston-New York.)

THE INDIANS BOOK, by *Natalie Curtis*.

(Harper & Bros., New York.)

AMERICAN PRIMITIVE MUSIC, by *Frederick R. Burton*.

372 pp. First part of book is discussion of Indian music, including history, scales, rhythm, structure, native use, art value of songs, and Ojibway songs and stories. Second part of book Ojibway songs, suitable for concert purposes. (Moffet, Yard & Co., New York.)

BULLETINS NOS. 45 AND 53, BUREAU OF ETHNOLOGY,  
SMITHSONIAN INSTITUTE CHIPPEWA MUSIC. VOLS. 1  
AND 2, by *Frances Densmore*.

BULLETIN No. 61 BUREAU OF ETHNOLOGY, TETON,  
SIOUX MUSIC, by *Frances Densmore*.

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SCENES FROM THE MOUNTAIN COUNTRY





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## THE SOUTHERN HIGHLANDER



Every boy and girl has been told that Columbus discovered America. But is this true in the literal sense? Did not Raleigh in the South, the Pilgrims in the North, and the little band of Pioneers who set out over the Appalachians discover the real America?

From Scotland, Ireland and England came a sturdy stock of Emigrants to the shores of the New World, to rest for a time under the sheltering hand of the first Peace-maker, William Penn. Brave souls were they who dared life and fortune in coming to this unknown wilderness, and, like the sturdy New England Pioneers



*Photographs courtesy of Mrs. John Campbell*

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who made their way over the old Mohawk trail to what was known as the Western Reserve in Ohio, so these Pathfinders made their way southward through the valley of the Shenandoah to the Blue Ridge of the Southern Appalachians.

With these early settlers came Daniel Boone, the Hankses and the Lincolns—the first great democrats of America's early civilization.

Crude were their ways and rude their life, but here in the Valleys of the Cumberland were born the Apostles of Freedom, whose children were destined to create a new history for the World.

These early settlers endured every hardship and privation. Circumstances were theirs which entirely unfitted them for the creation of song. They came in the main from a class of tradesman, of an unimaginative and pious temperament.

Music in those days, especially in the old Quaker settlements, was considered sinful, so one may readily see that this particular group of Pioneers was not given to the "making of melody." What songs they knew were the songs of their fathers, and so it is we find these old ballads of the Mountaineers have been handed down orally for many generations. Mr. Cecil Sharpe, the noted musical historian of England, who recently made a large collection of these songs, said that he had found several hundred examples of pure English Ballads in these lonely out of the way places—Ballads entirely extinct in England today.

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These Mountaineers living in isolated spots where tradition still survives, like the French Canadians and the Louisiana Creoles, can truly claim a folk-song distinctively their own.

NOTE. Books and Song Collections which will be found of interest relating to this subject.

ENGLISH FOLK SONGS FROM THE SOUTHERN APPALACHAINS.

(Olive Dame Campbell and Cecil J. Sharpe.  
(Pub. by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.)

AMERICAN-ENGLISH FOLK SONGS, *Cecil J. Sharpe.*  
(G. Schirmer, New York.)

FOLK SONGS OF THE KENTUCKY MOUNTAINS, *Josephine McCill.*  
(Boosey & Co., New York.)

LONESOME TUNES, *Howard Brockway and Lorraine Wyman.*  
(H. W. Gray, New York.)

THE SOUTHERN HIGHLANDER, *John G. Campbell.*

A most interesting book on this subject published by the  
Russell Sage Foundation, New York.



A QUILTING PARTY

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# The False Knight<sup>18</sup> upon the Road

CECIL J. SHARPE

*Andantino*

The knight met a child in road.

where are you go-ing to? Said the knight in the road.

I'm a - go - ing to my school, Said the child as he stood He stood and he stood And it's well be-cause he stood.

I'm a - go - ing to my school, Said the child as he stood. stood.

## The False Knight upon the Road.

Sung by Mrs. T. G. Coats at Flag Pond, Unicoi Co., Tenn.

See *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, No. 1, p. 1.

Copyright 1918 by G. Schirmer

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THE FALSE KNIGHT UPON THE ROAD

2. *O what are you going there for?*  
    *Said the knight in the road.*  
*For to learn the Word of God,*  
    *Said the child as he stood.*  
*He stood and he stood,*  
    *And it's well because he stood.*  
*For to learn the Word of God,*  
    *Said the child as he stood.*
3. *O what have you got there?*  
    *Said the knight in the road.*  
*I have got my bread and cheese,*  
    *Said the child as he stood.*  
*He stood and he stood, etc.*
4. *O won't you give me some?*  
    *Said the knight in the road.*  
*No, ne'er a bite nor crumb,*  
    *Said the child as he stood.*  
*He stood and he stood, etc.*
5. *O I wish you were on the sands,*  
    *Said the knight in the road.*  
*Yes, and a good staff in my hands,*  
    *Said the child as he stood.*  
*He stood and he stood, etc.*
6. *O I wish you were in the sea,*  
    *Said the knight in the road.*  
*Yes, and a good boat under me,*  
    *Said the child as he stood.*  
*He stood and he stood, etc.*
7. *O I think I hear a bell,*  
    *Said the knight in the road.*  
*Yes, and it's ringing you to hell,*  
    *Said the child as he stood.*  
*He stood and he stood,*  
    *And it's well because he stood.*  
*Yes, and it's ringing you to hell,*  
    *Said the child as he stood.*
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# Edward<sup>19</sup>

Edward. Sung by Mr. Trotter Gan at Sevierville, Sevier Co., Tenn.

A few minor verbal alterations have been made in the text, including the substitution of "thee" for "you" in the last lines of the first two stanzas—a typical example of the way in which folk-singers will often deliberately disregard rhyme.

For other variants see *English Folk-Songs from the Southern Appalachians*, No. 7, p. 26.

*Moderato*

1. How came this blood on your shirt sleeve?

O, dear love, tell me. It is the blood of the old grey horse That

ploughed that field for me, me, me, That ploughed that field for me. It does



look too pale for the old grey horse That ploughed that field for thee, thee, thee, That

*p* *dim.* *p*

ploughed that field for thee. 2. How came this blood on your shirt sleeve?

*mf* *p*

O, dear love, tell me. It is the blood of the

*p* *mf*

old grey-hound That traced that fox for me, me, me, That traced that fox for

*dim.*



me. It does look too pale for the old grey-hound That

*p*

traced that fox for thee, thee, thee, That traced that fox for thee. 3. How

*cresc.*

came this blood on your shirt sleeve? O, dear love, tell

*mf* *cresc.*

me. It is the blood of my brother-in-law That

*f*

went a-way with me, me, me, That went a-way with me. 4. And it's

*dim.* *p*



22

what did you fall out a-bout? O, dear love, tell

*p* *mf*

me. A - bout a lit - tle - bit - of bush, That

*p*

soon would have made a tree, tree, tree, That soon would have made a

tree. 5. And it's what will you do now, my love?

O, dear love, tell me. I'll

*p*



23

set my foot in— yon-ders ship And I'll sail a - cross the

sea, sea, sea, And I'll sail a - cross the sea. And it's

*dim.* *p* *mf*

when will you come back, my love? O, dear love, tell

me. When the sun-sets in-to yon-ders syc - a - more-tree, And

that will nev-er be, be, be, And that will nev-er be

*dim.* *mf* *dim.* *rall.*





*Photo Courtesy Underwood & Underwood*

### THE COWBOY ON THE RANGE

## THE COWBOY

Out under the sky he slept, with the star studded canopy of heaven for his tent, the bosom of Mother Earth for his bed. The broad plains over which he rode brought to the Cowboy the appeal of that unknown land teeming with big game, and the chance encounter with savages offering adventure.

Such impressions could not be lost to the brave men who dwelt upon the skirmish line of our civilization.

It was out in these great waste places of the once unpeopled West that the Cowpuncher found his way. It was he, illiterate of speech and rough in action, who was the forerunner of our Western emigration. On the frontier the strain was clean American, of a new race—keen, strong, self-reliant, adventurous and brave as any the world has ever seen. Our English, Scotch-Irish or our early Dutch had all become Americans in their two hundred years.



The Cowboy songs are really like no other ballads to be found in the literature of folk-song. Theodore Roosevelt has expressed himself so well regarding these songs in an appreciation of the book called *Cowboy Songs and Frontier Ballads* by John A. Lomax. "There is something very curious in the reproduction here on this new continent of essentially the conditions of ballad growth which obtained in England, including, by the way, sympathy for the outlaw, Jesse James, taking the place of Robin Hood. Under modern conditions however, the native ballad is speedily killed by competition with the Music Hall songs; the Cowboys becoming ashamed to sing the crude homespun ballads in view of what Owen Wister calls the "ill smelling saloon cleverness" of the far less interesting compositions of the Music Hall singers."

These crude songs which have sprung to life as the grass on the plains, have a great place in the ballad and folk literature of our country. Unlike the Negro spirituals, they have practically no musical value, but the verses of these songs of the trail tell a story and bring to the mind a picture that can be painted in no other way with such telling force. The Cowboy camps in the early seventies contained several types of men. One familiar figure was usually the adventurous son of some British family, and it was perhaps in this way that we find English ballads in the West taking on in their many verses the local idioms and manner of the Cowboy. In the camps we find gathered a number of men who had fled from the East to find shelter for some crime committed, and here sprang up a certain class

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like the James Brothers, who really created what we have come to know as the "wild and woolly West."

There is a romance about the Cowboy and the pioneer of those early days, that to the student of this form of literature is irresistible. As John Lomax says in his interesting book which I have previously quoted, "The changing and romantic West of the early days lives mainly in song and story. The last figure to vanish is the Cowboy, the animating spirit of the vanishing race. He sits his horse easily as he rides through the wide valley, enclosed by the mountains, clad in the hazy purple of coming night, with his face turned steadily down the long, long road, "the road that the sun goes down."

"Dauntless, reckless, without the unearthly purity of Sir Galahad, though as gentle to a pure woman as King Arthur, he is truly a knight of the twentieth century. A vagrant puff of wind shakes a corner of the crimson handkerchief knotted loosely about his throat; the thud of his pony's feet mingling with the jingle of his spurs is borne back and as the careless, gracious, lovable figure, disappears over the divide, the breeze brings back to the ears, faint and far, yet cheery still, the refrain of a cowboy song."

*Whoopee ti yi, git along little dogies;*

*Its my misfortune and none of your own.*

*Whoopee ti yi, git along little dogies;*

*For you know Wyoming will be your new home.*

Note—The Author is indebted to John A. Lomax and the MacMillan Co., Publishers of "Cowboy Songs and Frontier Ballads" for the material here given.

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## JESSE JAMES

*Jesse James was a lad that killed a-many a man;  
He robbed the Danville train.  
But that dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard  
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.*

*Poor Jesse had a wife to mourn for his life,  
Three children, they were brave.  
But that dirty little coward that shot Mr. Howard  
Has laid poor Jesse in his grave.*

*It was Robert Ford, that dirty little coward,  
I wonder how he does feel,  
For he ate of Jesse's bread and he slept in Jesse's bed,  
Then laid poor Jesse in his grave.*

*Jesse was a man, a friend to the poor,  
He never would see a man suffer pain;  
And with his brother Frank he robbed the Chicago bank,  
And stopped the Glendale train.*

*It was on a Wednesday night, the moon was shining bright,  
They robbed the Glendale train;  
The people they did say, for many miles away,  
It was robbed by Frank and Jesse James.*

*The people held their breath when they heard of Jesse's death  
And wondered how he ever came to die.  
It was one of the gang called little Robert Ford,  
He shot poor Jesse on the sly.*

*Jesse went to his rest with his hand upon his breast;  
The devil may be upon his knee.  
He was born one day in the county of Clay  
And came of a solitary race.*

*This song was made by Billy Gashade,  
As soon as the news it did arrive;  
He said there was no man with the law in his hand  
Could take Jesse James when alive.*

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# Jesse James

## COWBOY SONG

By Permission.  
JOHN A. LOMAX

Jes - se James was a lad that

The first system of musical notation for the song. It consists of a vocal line in treble clef and a piano accompaniment in grand staff (treble and bass clefs). The key signature is one sharp (F#) and the time signature is 4/4. The lyrics 'Jes - se James was a lad that' are written below the vocal line.

killed a ma - ny a man; He robbed the Dan - ville

The second system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'killed a ma - ny a man; He robbed the Dan - ville'. The piano accompaniment provides harmonic support.

train; But that dirt - y lit - tle cow - ard that

The third system of musical notation. The vocal line continues with the lyrics 'train; But that dirt - y lit - tle cow - ard that'. The piano accompaniment continues with chords and a bass line.

shot Mis - ter How - ard, has laid poor Jes - se in his grave.

The fourth system of musical notation, which concludes the page. The vocal line ends with the lyrics 'shot Mis - ter How - ard, has laid poor Jes - se in his grave.' The piano accompaniment ends with a final chord in the right hand and a descending bass line in the left hand.



## REFRAIN

Poor Jes - se had a wife to mourn for his life. Three

chil - dren they were brave. But that

dirt - y lit - tle cow - ard\_ That shot Mis - ter How - ard, Has

laid poor\_ Jes - se in the grave.



# The Dying<sup>15</sup> Cowboy

By permission John A. Lomax

O bur - y me not on the lone Prai - rie — These

words came low — and mourn - ful - ly From the

pal - lid lips — of a youth who lay — On his

dy - ing bed — at the close of day. —



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## THE DYING COWBOY

*"O bury me not on the lone prairie"  
These words came low and mournfully  
From the pale lips of a youth who lay  
On his dying bed at the close of day.*

*He had wailed in pain till o'er his brow  
Deaths shadows were gathering quickly now;  
He thought of his home and his loved ones nigh  
As the cowboys gathered to see him die.*

*"O bury me not on the lone prairie  
Where the wild coyotes will howl o'er me,  
In a narrow grave just six by three,  
O bury me not on the lone prairie.*

*"It matters not, I've oft been told,  
Where the body lies when the heart grows cold;  
Yet grant, Oh grant this wish to me,  
O bury me not on the lone prairie.*

*"I've always hoped to be laid when I died  
In the little churchyard on the green hillside;  
By my fathers grave, there let mine be,  
And bury me not on the lone prairie.*

*"O bury me not" and his voice failed there,  
But we took no heed of his dying prayer;  
In a narrow grave just six by three  
We buried him there on the lone prairie.*

*And the cowboys now as they roam the plain,—  
For they marked the spot where his bones were lain,—  
Fling a handful of roses o'er his grave,  
With a prayer to Him who his soul will save.*

*"Oh bury me not on the lone prairie  
Where the wolves can howl and growl o'er me;  
Fling a handful of roses o'er my grave  
With a prayer to Him who my soul will save."*

In this song, as in several others, the chorus should come in after each stanza. The arrangement followed has been adopted to illustrate versions current in different sections.—JOHN LOMAX.

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# Home on the Range<sup>14</sup>

By permission John A. Lomax

O give me a home where the buf-fa-lo roam Where the

deer and the an-te-lope play— Where nev-er is heard a dis-

cour-ag-ing word And the skies are not cloud-y all day

REFRAIN

Home, home on the range Where the deer and the an-te-lope play,— Where

nev-er is heard a dis-cour-ag-ing word, And the skies are not cloud-y all day.



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“HOME ON THE RANGE”

*Oh, give me a home where the buffalo roam,  
Where the deer and the antelope play;  
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word  
And the skies are not cloudy all day.*

*Home, home on the range,  
Where the deer and the antelope play;  
Where never is heard a discouraging word  
And the skies are not cloudy all day.*

*Where the air is so pure, and the zephyrs so free,  
The breezes so balmy and light,  
That I would not exchange my home on the range  
For all of the cities so bright.*

*How often at night when the heavens are bright  
With the light from the glittering stars,  
Have I stood there amazed and asked as I gazed  
If their glory exceeds that of ours.*

*Oh, give me a land where the bright diamond sand  
Flows leisurely down the stream;  
Where the graceful white swan goes gliding along  
Like a maid in a heavenly dream.*

*Etc. etc.*

NOTE—These songs are from “Cowboy Songs” collected by John A. Lomax, M. A., and here reprinted with the kind permission of Mr. Lomax and The MacMillan Company, Publishers, New York.

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A REAL SOUTHERN "MAMMY"

## THE NEGRO SPIRITUALS

It is quite impossible to present here in a few pages even a partial resume of the Negro folk-songs. The subject is so vast and the material at hand of such magnitude that I can give only the scenario of this more than interesting subject. If the reader cares to delve into the subject more deeply I would refer him to an excellent volume "Afro-American Folk-Songs" by H. E. Krehbiel, and published by G. Schirmer, New York.

Folk-songs are born, not made, and never in the history of song literature is this truer than of these songs born of the black race, transplanted from Africa to the Plantations of our Southland, where the emotional life which is so essential to the development of the true folk-song.

These songs used or made as they were for spiritual comfort, could not have been conceived in sorrow, but sprang from the joyful conviction that in the life to come their soul would be forever released from bondage." It is a known fact," quoting from Mrs. Francis Ann Kemble in her "Journal of a residence on a Georgian Plantation" "that many of the Masters and Overseers of the Plantation would prohibit the singing of



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melancholy tunes and words, and encourage nothing but cheerful music and senseless words, deprecating the effect of sadder strains upon the slaves, whose peculiar musical sensibility might be expected to make them especially excitable by any songs of a plaintive character and having reference to their peculiar hardship. An example to illustrate I have included in these "Spirituals" called "Nobody Knows de Trouble Ise Seen." In this plaintive song the slave, under the great burden of his earthly hardships, finds no sympathy from those about him, but looks to Jesus as his one consolation to whom he may unburden his soul. Is it not remarkable that this black race from the wilds of Africa, people imprisoned and brought unwillingly to a strange land, should in so short a time develop this deep religious sense?

Their music is the outpouring of a soul bowed in sorrow but sustained by the promise of a life to come. In its fervid emotional expression of hope it offers a distinct contrast to the music of the Oriental marked by the inevitable stamp of "Destiny." The greater part of the Negro songs were religious or "spirituals." They were sung by the negro, not only in his Camp Meetings, but at his work. There were "Occupation" songs also





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and I want to give here the description as given by Natalie Curtis Burlin in "Cotton Songs" of one of the most unique of these songs of the Plantation.

"The wide Plantations under the hot sun, the full rows of cotton plants, the bending Negroes, the black and white contrast of the fluffy cotton balls and the dark hands and arms—all this one sees with the first bars of the old song whose pentatonic refrain 'Cotton wanta pickin' ' ' carols against its background of elemental harmonies like the chirping iteration of a bird note rising among the cotton stalks. No one knows how old this song may be, but it would seem to have sprung into life shortly after the Emancipation for it begins with the reading of the proclamation of freedom to the slaves.

#### INTERESTING BOOKS AND SONGS OF THE NEGRO.

AFRO-AMERICAN FOLK SONGS, *H. E. Krehbiel.*

Pub. G. Schirmer, New York.)

This is the most comprehensive book on this subject, giving many examples of the Negro Songs and history.

RELIGIOUS FOLK SONGS OF THE NEGRO

(as sung on the plantations.)

(Hampton Institute, Hampton, Va.)

"COTTON SONGS", THREE COLLECTIONS

(Natalie Curtis Burlin. G. Schirmer, New York.)

NEGRO SPIRITUALS, SHEET MUSIC FORM, *H. T. Burleigh.*

G. Ricordi, New York.)



"COTTIN' WANT A' PICKIN'"

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# Cotton Pickin' Song<sup>8</sup>

FLORIDA PLANTATIONS

Recorded by NATALIE CURTIS

## CHORUS

Dis cot-ton want a pick in' so bad \_\_\_\_\_ Dis

cot-ton want a pick-in' so bad \_\_\_\_\_ Dis

cot-ton want a pick-in' so bad \_\_\_\_\_ Gwine

clean all o ber dis farm. (1) Us plant dis cot

ton in A - prul Us lay hit by \_\_\_\_\_ a in

June \_\_\_\_\_ Us had a \_\_\_\_\_ hot \_\_\_\_\_ dry sum-mer

Dats why it op - en so \_\_\_\_\_ soon. Dis



# Nobody Knows De Trouble I've Seen<sup>3</sup>

## NEGRO SPIRITUAL

No-bod-y knows de troub-le I'se seen No-bod-y knows but Je-sus

No-bod-y knows de troub-le I'se seen Glo-ry hal-le-lu-jah

1. Some-times I'm up, some-times I'm down O yes Lord, Some  
2. What makes old Sa-tan treat me so, O yes Lord, Be-

times I'm up, some-times I'm down O yes Lord.  
cause he got me once but he let me go, O yes Lord



# Come Down,<sup>6</sup> Sinner

## OLD PLANTATION HYMN

(An old Plantation Song in common use in Gloucester County, Va.)

Reprinted by permission of Hampton Institute

### CHORUS

1. Come down,      come down,      Come down, sin-ner, yo'      none too late;  
 2. Pray hard,      pray hard,      Pray hard, sin-ner, yo'      none too late;

The musical notation for the chorus is in 2/2 time, key of D major. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the bass line is on a bass clef staff. The melody consists of a series of eighth and quarter notes, while the bass line provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

Come down,              come down, O,              come down, sin - ner, yo'  
 Pray hard,              pray hard, O,              pray hard, sin - ner, yo'

The musical notation continues the melody and bass line from the chorus. It maintains the 2/2 time signature and D major key. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the bass line is on a bass clef staff. The melody consists of a series of eighth and quarter notes, while the bass line provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes.

*Fine*

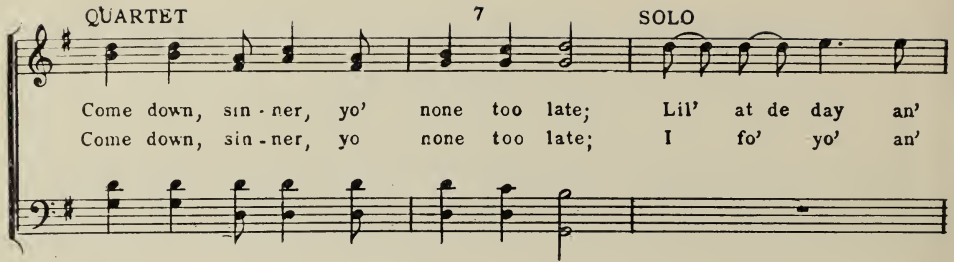
### SOLO

none too late;      Some seek de Lord,      but      doan seek Him right,  
 none too late;      Times ain't like      dey      used to be,

The musical notation for the solo section is in 2/2 time, key of D major. The melody is on a treble clef staff, and the bass line is on a bass clef staff. The melody consists of a series of eighth and quarter notes, while the bass line provides a simple harmonic accompaniment with chords and single notes. The section ends with a double bar line.

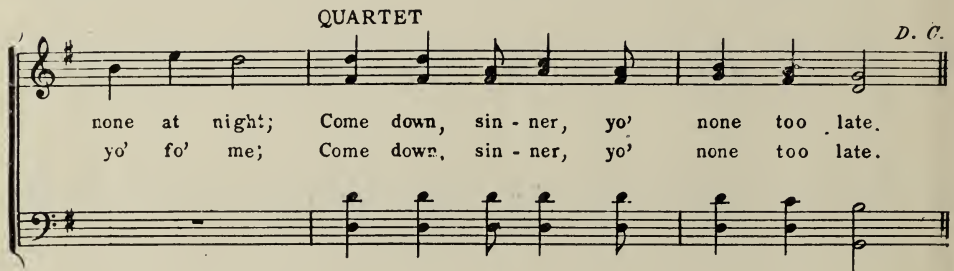


QUARTET 7 SOLO



Come down, sin - ner, yo' none too late; Lil' at de day an'  
Come down, sin - ner, yo none too late; I fo' yo' an'

QUARTET *D. C.*



none at night; Come down, sin - ner, yo' none too late.  
yo' fo' me; Come down, sin - ner, yo' none too late.

## 3.

Bow low, bow low,  
Bow low, sinner, yo' none too late;  
Wen' down de hill t' say my prayer,  
Come down, sinner, yo' none too late;  
When I got dere, ole Satan was dere,  
Come down, sinner, yo' none too late.

## 4.

Seek hard, seek hard,  
Seek hard, sinner, yo' none too late;  
What do yo' tink ole Satan say?  
Come down, sinner, yo' none too late,  
"Jesus dead, an' God gone away,"  
Come down, sinner, yo' none too late

## 5.

Shout hard, shout hard,  
Shout hard, sinner, yo' none too late;  
What t' do, I did not know,  
Come down, sinner, yo' none too late;  
Right back home I had to go,  
Come down, sinner, yo' none too late

## 6.

Mourn hard, mourn hard,  
Mourn hard, sinner, yo' none too late  
Something spoke unto my soul,  
Come down, sinner, yo' none too late.  
"Go in peace, an' sin no mo',"  
Come down, sinner, yo' none too late



# Steal Away to Jesus<sup>4</sup>

## OLD PLANTATION HYMN

Reprinted by permission of Hampton Institute

CHORUS *pp* *p* *m*

Steal a-way, steal a-way, Steal a-way to Je - sus.

*m* *f* *ff* *Fine*

Steal a-way, steal a-way home I ain't got long to stay here.

*ff*

1. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the thun - der;  
 2. Green trees are bend - ing, Poor sin - ner stands a - trem - bling;  
 3. Tomb - stones are burst - ing, Poor sin - ner stands a - trem - bling;  
 4. My Lord calls me, He calls me by the light - ning;

(die away) *D. C.*

The trum - pet sounds with - in - a - my soul, I ain't got long to stay here.



# I Want to<sup>5</sup> be Ready

## OLD PLANTATION HYMN

Reprinted by permission of Hampton Institute

### CHORUS

I want to be read - y, I want to be read - y,

*Fine*  
I want to be read - y To walk in Je - ru - sa - lem just like John.

1. John said that Je - ru - sa - lem was four square,  
2. When Pe - ter was preach - ing at Pen - te - cost,

Walk in Je - ru - sa - lem just like John. I hope, good Lord, I'll  
Walk in Je - ru - sa - lem just like John. O he was filled with the

*D. C.*  
meet you there, Walk in Je - ru - sa - lem just like John.  
Ho - ly Ghost, Walk in Je - ru - sa - lem just like John.



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### THE NEGRO MINSTRELSY.

The period in American history antedating and immediately following the Civil War, produced a great number of popular songs written in the folk style, and of a character that will undoubtedly become the American folk-songs of tomorrow. In these songs our ancestors have left us a rich heritage, a bequest of which any nation should be proud.

This period of American history was the only time when a distinctive song was produced. At the time of the American Revolution the nation was only beginning and the people were still thinking and living according to the traditions of the Mother country. There are times like those of the Civil War—times of great stress that bring forth a number of distinctive melodies, and in the days of '61 conditions of life gave the people opportunity for writing and singing of songs. A nation plunged in superheated industry as ours is today, beset with the mad rush, the ceaseless activity in all walks of life, cannot bring forth the melancholy "complaints" those plaintive sad notes which are the basic element in all folk-song. These songs were born at a stirring time in our history and were the spontaneous outpouring of the soul of a people.

### THE BEGINNING OF THE NEGRO MINSTRELS.

It was about the year 1830 that W. D. Rice, better known as Daddy Rice, (1808-1860), stood in a stable in

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Louisville, Ky., and watched an old negro as he danced and sang a lively tune with words like this—

*“Come listen all you gals and boys,  
Ise jes’ from Tuckyhoe;  
Ise goin t’ sing a little song,  
My names Jim Crow.*

*Chorus—*

*Weel about and turn about  
An’ do jes’ so;  
Ebery time I weel about,  
I jump Jim Crow.*

And many more verses he sang, recounting the adventures of Jim Crow. Not very thrilling verses and certainly mediocre enough, but Daddy Rice saw a great opportunity. He learned the song and sang it, accompanied by all the turns and motion of the old negro, and improvising many more of his own. It was shortly after this that Rice was appearing in a theatre in Pittsburg, and meeting a negro porter one day on his way to the theatre, borrowed his clothes, donned them, blackened his face and added a wig made of matted moss. When he appeared on the stage and sang “Jim Crow” the audience roared with laughter, but when he added topical verses of his own the house went wild. To add to the mirth, Cuff, the negro, whose professional services were in demand, came on the stage in negligée and frantically expostulated to reclaim his clothes. Of course the audience mistook the interruption for a part of the show and reached its climax of hilarity. This incident is said to have been the birth of Negro Minstrelsy

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—a style of entertainment which for the greater part of a century was one of the chief delights of the American public. I shall not take up space to go into a detailed account of those days but suffice to say that this distinctively American entertainment did not exist until 1843. Through the succeeding years appeared the names of Dick Pelham, Billy Whitlock, Frank Brown and a name familiar to all—Dan Emmet—the author of *Dixie*.

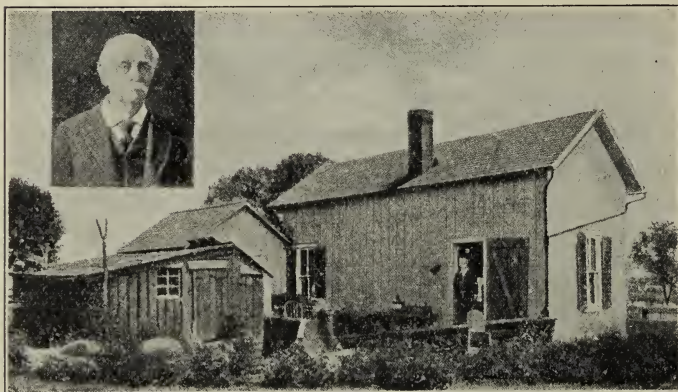
The old time minstrel songs were copied to a great extent from those of the negro. Their droll humor and the sentimental appeal which is found in the songs of Stephen Foster made a strong appeal to the heart. No less a person than Thackery writes in one of his "Round-about Sketches"—"I heard a humorous balladist not long since, a minstrel with wool on his head and an ultra Ethiopian complexion, who performed a ballad that, I confess, moistened these spectacles in a most unexpected manner."

There are to my knowledge but a few minstrel shows on the road today, when in the olden days they could be numbered by the hundreds. In later years this form of entertainment so degenerated that little was left of its former self. The Negro Minstrelsy has served its purpose, as it created a stock of songs, not strictly folk-tunes, but so closely allied, that in the years to come these songs which sprang to life at a crucial period of our history, will become the folk-songs of the American people. For their lyric beauty, their humor and pathos no folk-songs from any other country can be found to surpass them.

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THE OLD HOME OF DAN EMMETT AT MT. VERNON, O.  
AND THE AUTHOR OF "DIXIE"

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# Old Dan Tucker

DANIEL D. EMMETT

About 1843.

I'se come t' town de od-der night, I heard de noise and saw a fight, de

watch-man was a run-nin' round, Cry-in' Old Dan Tuck-er's come to town, So

get out de way ob Old Dan Tuck-er get out de way Old Dan Tuck-er

Get out de way Old Dan Tuck-er You're too late to come to sup-per.



OLD DAN TUCKER

1.

*I went to town de odder night,  
I heard de noise an saw a fight.  
De Watchman was a runnin' roun'  
Cryin', "Ol' Dan Tucker's come t' town."*

Chorus—

*So git out de way ob ol' Dan Tucker  
Git out de way ob ol' Dan Tucker.  
Git out de way ob ol' Dan Tucker,  
You're too late t' come t' supper.*

2.

*I went t' town t' buy some goods  
I lost myself in a piece ob woods,  
De night was dark, I had t' suffer.  
It froze de heel ob Old Dan Tucker.*

3.

*Ol' Dan Tucker is a fine old man,  
He washed his face in a fryin' pan,  
He combed his head with a wagon wheel,  
And died with a toothache in his heel.*

4.

*And now Old Dan is a gone sucker  
And nebber can go home to supper.  
Old Dan he's had his last long ride,  
An de 'banjo's buried by his side.*

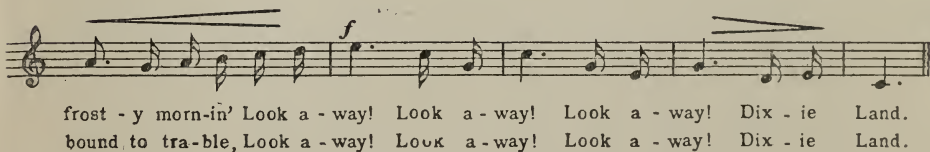
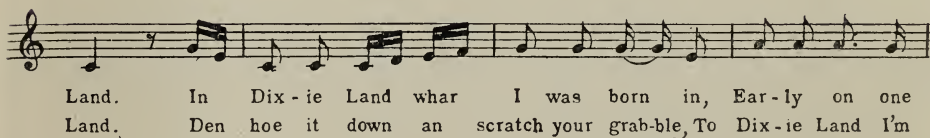
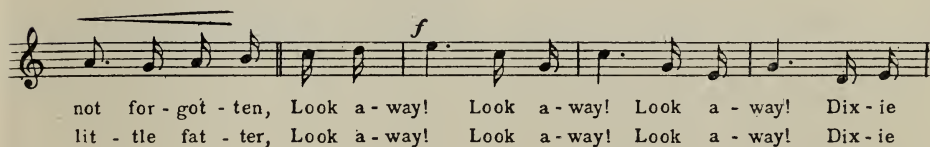
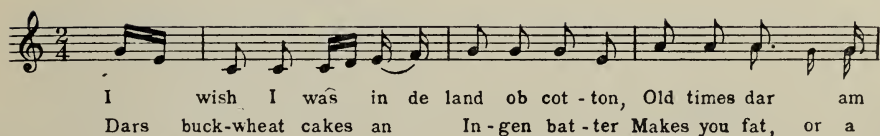
NOTE—This song, like Dixie, was originally an old minstrel song, composed by Daniel Decatur Emmett, known far and wide as "Old Dave Decate." He was a famous minstrel in his day, and these songs written for the purpose of what was known as "end songs" have had a very wide and universal appeal. One of the first printed versions of this song is dated 1843.

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12  
Dixie

DANIEL DECATUR EMMETT





## CHORUS

13

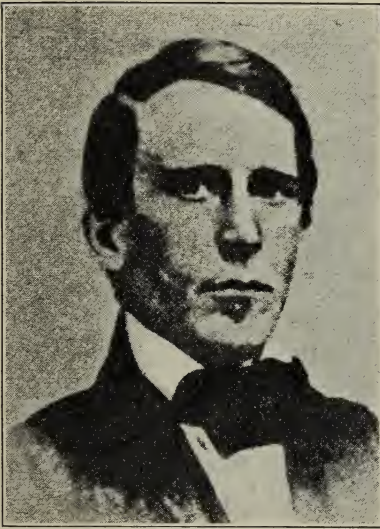
Den I wish I was in Dix - ie, Hoo - ray! Hoo -

ray! In Dix - ie Land, I'll take my stand To lib and die in

Dix - ie; A - way, A - way, A way down south in

Dix - ie, A - way, A - way, A - way down south in Dix - ie.





## STEPHEN COLLINS FOSTER

### A SHORT SKETCH OF THE COMPOSERS' LIFE

From an article on "Foster of the  
Folk Songs" in the *New York  
Times Book Review* by  
James C. Young.

Although the whole world sings Foster's songs his name and personality are known to only a few. Unhappy in life, he has been forgotten in death, but his work lives wherever music helps to lighten the cares of mankind. Perhaps this would have best suited the man who wrote "My Old Kentucky Home," "Old Black Joe," "The Old Folks at Home" and scores of other melodies which find daily response on the heart strings of humanity. Foster's modesty and self-effacement were characteristic.

A thousand years from now, when the fame of a half dozen Americans may survive the nineteenth century, that of Poe and Foster will be linked together as the two sweet singers of their age. Each belonged to the artistic strain of Francois Villon and Heinrich Heine. Each expressed the same sweetness, delved into the depths of melancholy, and rose to the heights of inspired beauty. All of the four were weak in body, sufferers



in spirit and impecunious. Life was kind to them in one thing. They did not live long.

Stephen Foster was born in a little town near Pittsburg in 1826—at the age of ten Foster played the flute with remarkable talent. At 13 he composed the “Tioga Waltz” followed immediately by “Sadly to My Heart Appealing.” In this first song he revealed a sense of poetic phrasing which has not been excelled by any American. In his school days Foster showed a tendency to keep by himself, and at the seminary in Athens, Ohio, where playing the flute seems to have been his principal achievement. He avoided the other boys, disliked the usual school games, and began to develop a passionate longing for quietude, which did not make for popularity. He could stand it no longer, went home, only to be packed off to Jefferson College, where the atmosphere irked him even more than that which he had left, and he definitely left the classroom. His parents endeavored to wean him from music, they determined to send him to Cincinnati to become a bookkeeper in his brothers establishment. He went and tried, and failed. But it was while there that his brother, Morrison, sensed that this strange boy was different and might be capable of great things. In 1845, when Foster was 19, a company of minstrels playing in Pittsburg, offered a silver cup for the best negro song. Morrison urged Stephen to compete. He sent a song called “ ‘Way Down South, Whar ’de Corn Grows.”

This incident started Foster on a new strain of thought. He wrote the “Louisiana Belle,” which

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promptly found favor. He seemed on the verge of finding himself. Minstrel shows then were about twenty years old. The negro as represented on the stage and in his songs was a mere buffoon. No one had undertaken to translate the negro into song as himself. Foster decided to attempt it, and wrote "Uncle Ned". Within a few weeks Cincinnati and Pittsburg resounded to its melancholy. Foster received but \$100.00 for "O Susannah" and nothing for "Uncle Ned" but a promise of publication, which was fulfilled and his path turned toward fame. In 1850 Foster made a trip to Bardstown, Ky., and there received the inspiration to write "My Old Kentucky Home". The success of this song raised him to the pinnacle.

His monetary success was small, but success moved him to renewed efforts, and in 1851 he produced "The Old Folks at Home." No less than 300,000 copies were sold. Foster has been credited with saying that he received only \$2,000 for this work, which has become the greatest of our American songs. In 1860 he came to New York with his family and boarded for a time at 83 Greene Street. The change benefited him, for that same year he produced "Old Black Joe." His songs were sung everywhere, his name was known to all, but he did not have more than \$1,200 a year income.

His wife returned to Pennsylvania, and Foster's drifting days began. These led him step by step from one tragedy to another. For a time he was said to have lived in a cellar room in Elizabeth St. Then he lived in a lodging house at 15 Bowery. Friends gave him

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clothes only to be pawned, he peddled his compositions along the Bowery and a \$5 note was acceptable and he seldom got more than \$25.

Jan. 13, 1864, he died in Bellevue Hospital, his name entered on the register as a "laborer."

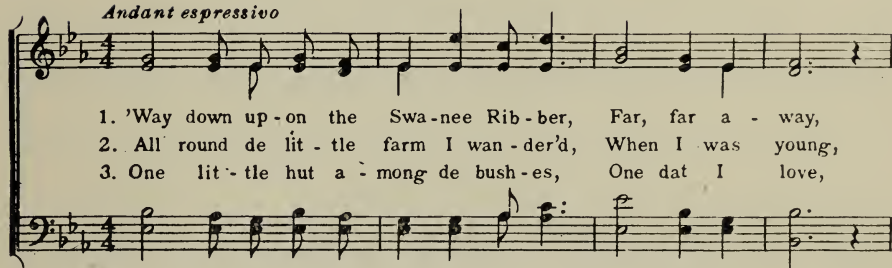
Just as Poe had died in a Baltimore hospital at the age of 40, unknown and neglected, so Foster died in Bellevue at 38, and there was "none so poor as to do him reverence."



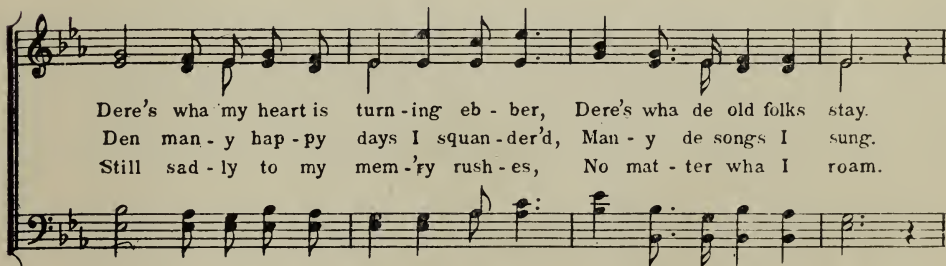


# The Old Folks At Home<sup>10</sup> or The Swanee River

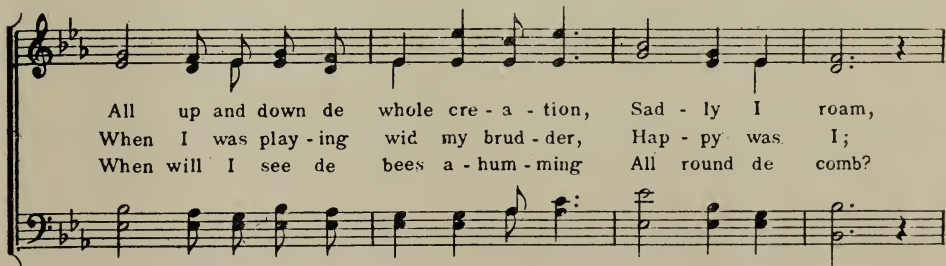
STEPHEN C. FOSTER

*Andant espressivo*


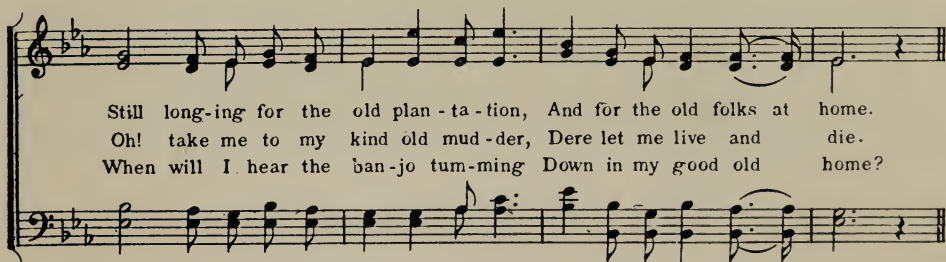
1. 'Way down up-on the Swa-nee Rib-ber, Far, far a - way,  
2. All round de lit-tle farm I wan-der'd, When I was young,  
3. One lit-tle hut a-mong de bush-es, One dat I love,



Dere's wha my heart is turn-ing eb-ber, Dere's wha de old folks stay.  
Den man-y hap-py days I squan-der'd, Man-y de songs I sung.  
Still sad-ly to my mem'-ry rush-es, No mat-ter wha I roam.



All up and down de whole cre-a-tion, Sad-ly I roam,  
When I was play-ing wid my brud-der, Hap-py was I;  
When will I see de bees a-hum-ming All round de comb?



Still long-ing for the old plan-ta-tion, And for the old folks at home.  
Oh! take me to my kind old mud-der, Dere let me live and die.  
When will I hear the ban-jo tum-ming Down in my good old home?



## CHORUS

11

All de world am sad and drear-y, Eb'-ry - where I roam;

Oh! dark-ies, how my heart grows wear-y, Far from the old folks at home.



24  
The Little Old Log Cabin in de Lane

WILL S HAYS

I'se get-ting old and fee-ble now I can-not work no more I've  
Dat was 'a hap-py time for me 'twas ma-ny years a-go When de

laid the rust-y blad-ed hoe to rest— Ole mas-sa and ole mis-sus dead deyes  
dark-ies used to gath-er round de door—When dey used to dance an sing all night I

sleep-ing side by side Dere spir-its now are roam-in' wid de blest. De  
played de ole ban-jo. But a las I can-not play it a-ny -more. But I

scene am changed a-bout de place de dark-ies am all gone I'll  
haunt got long to stay here an what lit-tle time there be I'll



neb-ber hear dem sing-ing in the cane And I'se de on - ly one dats left wid  
try and be con-tent-ed to re - main Till death shall call my dog and me to

this ol dog of mine In de lit - tle ole log cab-in in de lane.  
find a bet ter home In de lit - tle ole log cab-in in de lane.

## CHORUS

De chim-ney fall - in' down de roof is cav - in' in I

aint got long a - round to re - main, But de an-gels watch-es o'er me when I

lays me down to sleep In de lit - tle ole log cab-in in de lane.



# Under The Willow She's Sleeping<sup>16</sup>

STEPHEN C. FORSTER

*Andante*

*mf*

Un - der the wil - low she's laid with care Sang a lone moth - er while  
 Un - der the wil - low no songs are heard, Near where my dar - ling lies

weep - ing, Un - der the wil - low, with gold - en hair, My  
 dream - ing; Naught but the voice of some far - off bird, Where

dar - ling is qui - et - ly sleep - ing. Fair, fair, with  
 life and its pleas - ures are beam - ing.

gold - en hair, Sang a lone moth - er while weep - ing,

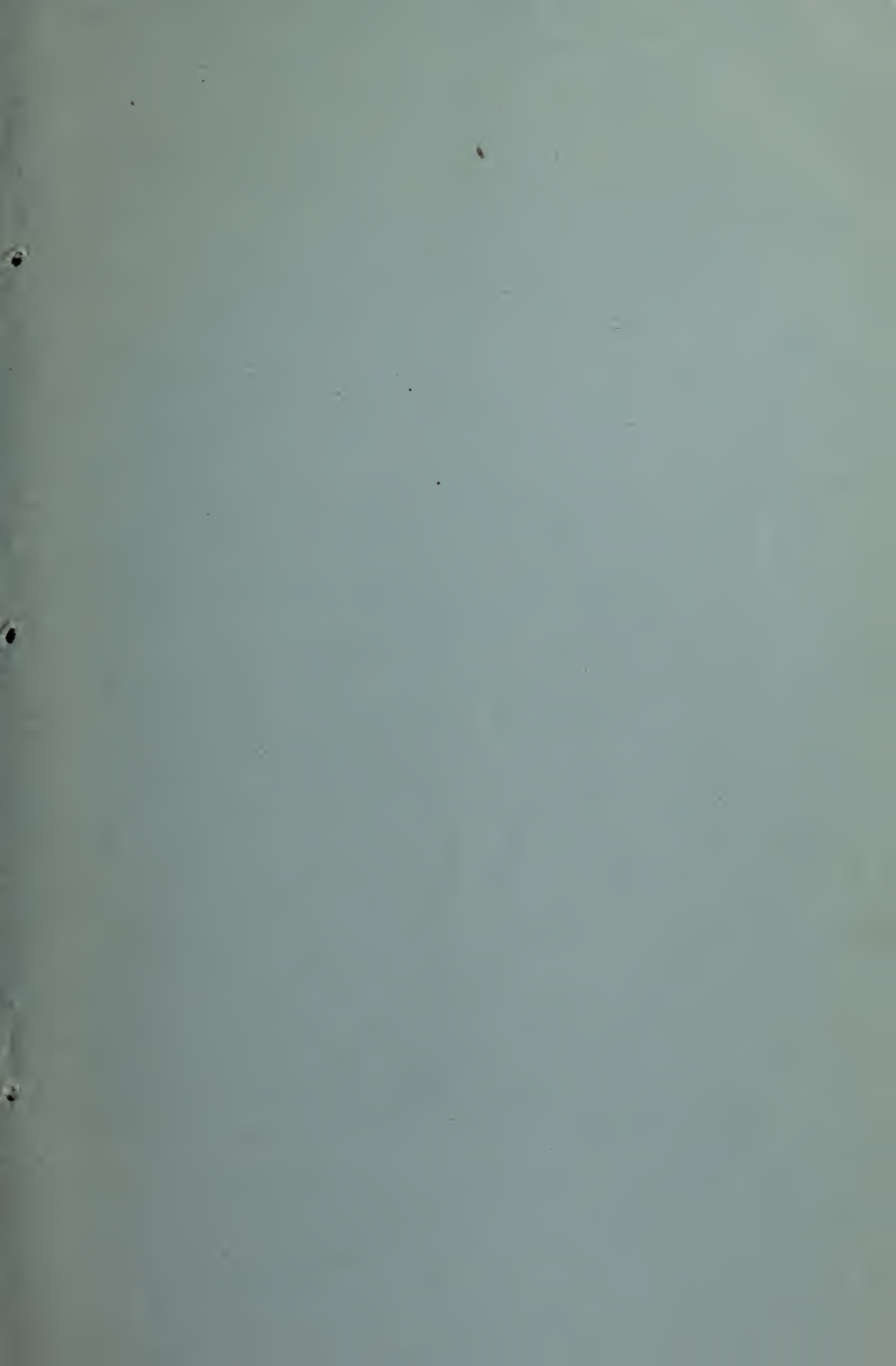
Fair, fair, with gold - en hair, Un - der the wil - low she's sleep - ing.

**CHORUS**













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